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In Memoriam

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# In Memoriam

ADELBERT B. STONE

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For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? —  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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THE following memorials are embraced in this volume, that some permanent record may remain of a life of promise prematurely ended. They consist chiefly of letters,— either the spontaneous expressions of sympathy with the surviving friends, or the more deliberate assertions of respect and affection for the departed. The first series are arranged in the order of time, that the hand of the pastor, the early teacher, the schoolmate, the classmate, the professor, and the social friend, may exhibit, in successive pictures, his growing life. But they are all the willing offerings of those who had known and loved him well, and had made him the centre of many hopes.



## **OBITUARY NOTICE.**



## OBITUARY NOTICE.

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ADELBERT BARNES STONE, the son of Amasa, Jr., and Julia Ann Gleason Stone, was born July 28th, 1844, at Springfield, Mass. His father removing to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1850, he was educated successively at the schools conducted by R. F. Hummiston, Esq., E. S. Stevenson, Esq., and Rev. Thomas G. Valpy, all well-known teachers in that city. His religious training, apart from home, was under the guidance of Rev. W. H. Goodrich, D. D., minister of Christ to the First Presbyterian Church and his father's pastor, and of Messrs. R. F. Smith and Dr. Bois, teachers in the Sunday-school connected with that earnest and growing society. In November, 1862, he became a member of Rev. Henry M. Colton's Family School for Boys, at Middletown, Connecticut, an institution founded in 1857, limited and select as to pupils, and especially designed, by its broad and thorough teachings, to lay a foundation for the highest form of American scholarship. Here he was fitted for Yale College, to which he was admitted at the July examination of 1863, in the Scientific Department of the School of Philosophy and Arts.

He continued a member of the college till his untimely decease, gradually taking and holding with ease a leading position in his class. On Monday morning, June 26th, 1865, he joined a geological excursion, planned and conducted under the guidance of Professors Dana and Brush of the Sheffield School, in which eleven others of the same school and seven members of the senior class of the academic department participated. The whole party\* arrived in safety by the early train at Middletown, which with the neighboring towns furnishes perhaps the most attractive field for mineralogical research in America.

After spending the forenoon at Portland, well known for its brown freestone quarries, they proceeded by a private conveyance ten miles down the river to Haddam; young Stone, though not well for several days previous, being throughout the excursion the life of the party. During the rest of Monday and the forenoon of Tuesday, they prosecuted their inquiries with great success. While waiting dinner at the house of Mr. David Brainerd, the gentleman who very generously and amply entertained them, the entire body of students went, with the consent of the Professors, to bathe in the Connecticut. Mr. Stone proposed to his companions to swim the river, but with his customary prudence stayed till he was cool, and so was himself the last of the twelve to enter. There seemed nothing venturesome in

\* See Appendix A.

this, unless that they were all heated and wearied by their morning's work. Mr. Stone had often swum the same stream years before while at Middletown, and was at the time seemingly in good health and spirits. Here, suddenly and mysteriously, without attracting the notice of any companion on either bank, he sunk in the very midst of the ill-fated stream. Those who remained supposed he had crossed, and those who went over imagined he had returned; and it was not till they met again on the Haddam side that they discovered that he was missing. From the position in which he was afterwards found, it is more than probable that he had been seized with violent spasms in the stomach.

All that human wisdom and energy could do was now attempted in order to regain the body. Under the general supervision of Rev. Mr. Colton, and with the local and most efficient management of Rev. O. E. Parker of Middle Haddam, a considerable section of the river above and below the spot was repeatedly traversed, its bed thoroughly dragged with suitable implements, cannon fired, and sentinels posted for several miles down the stream; but all in vain. No tongue or pen can tell, and no one will ever know, the awful suspense of those fifty hours. The frequent and anxious telegraphic inquiries from distant friends, and the sad responses, nerved the tireless band of laborers\* to their melancholy task. At last,

\* See Appendix B.

after two days' search, the body was discovered floating on the surface of the stream some distance above the sad spot, and by the only person who saw him sink,— a woman living in a solitary house upon the Haddam bank. This was the afternoon of Thursday, June 29th, and the relatives of the deceased, Messrs. Joseph Stone of Springfield, and A. B. Stone and Mr. Witte of Cleveland, having arrived, a steamboat was chartered and the remains conveyed to Middletown. On the morrow the precious burden was on its way to Cleveland, and on Saturday was received by the parents with tears of bitter joy to their desolate home. The Sabbath which followed was very beautiful; and in the presence of many friends, all that was mortal of Adelbert B. Stone was committed with tears and prayers and solemn songs to the silent grave.

Thus briefly lived, and sadly died in the bloom of earliest manhood, one whom it was a joy even to know, and whose intimate friendship was a rich treasure of love.

## **COMMEMORATIVE LETTERS.**

(ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.)



## COMMEMORATIVE LETTERS.

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### I.

FROM REV. WILLIAM H. GOODRICH, D.D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND.

I AM glad to learn that you have consented to prepare a brief memorial of Adelbert Stone. No one else could so properly gather up and arrange the few materials which may serve to keep in recollection that fresh, pure, and manly life, whose early end has caused such sore lamentation. It fell to your lot to receive him under your care at the most critical and interesting point of his mental training, and to witness the beginning of that development which promised so much for future years.

As his pastor, I have known and observed him since he was about thirteen years old. He was one who attracted notice, as unlike most boys of his age. He seemed from the first to have balance. He was modest and unassuming, but he did not follow others. He chose his own companions, and chose them well. He shunned all contact with coarseness and vulgarity, and grew up pure in word and thought.

He was singularly true. I doubt whether the thought of framing a falsehood ever entered his mind. At home and abroad, his word was taken for fact, and no one was ever deceived in him. His filial confidence has been peculiarly beautiful, and forms one of the sweetest recollections of him in the household. He never felt the commandment of his father to be irksome, or forsook the law of his mother; and was accustomed, even to the last, to speak beforehand to his parents of his daily plans, and have it known always where he spent his hours early or late. The guilelessness of his boyhood was unchanged as he ripened into manhood.

Though retiring and independent in disposition, he showed no trace of personal pride or reserve. He was not forward in intercourse, but was frank and generous, and made friends of all. He could say "no," when principle required, and yet in such a manner as gave no offence.

Of himself and his own character he rarely spoke to any one, but it is evident that he was habitually thoughtful, and had earnest purposes on the subject of religion.

Shortly before he left home to prepare for the Scientific School at Yale College, I had a brief interview with him, at which more was said than ever before or since on the question of personal religion; and I left him then with the feeling that he was near the kingdom of God, or rather that he might already be His child, though unconscious of it.

It has been a great satisfaction to me to know, that, while with you at Middletown, he had given even so modest and trembling a confession of Christian hope and purpose. He was one of the last persons to indulge in any false confidence or utter any insincere wish on that subject; and he was one whom I should expect to possess genuine piety long before he felt a clear assurance of it himself. For him to say that he sometimes thought he was a Christian, and certainly desired above all things to be one, is better evidence of true piety than are the positive professions of many. His known habits of private devotion, with every other trait and development of his life, go to confirm the hope, that, suddenly as he was taken from us, and sore as is the loss to his family and to the community, it was gain for him to die.

## II.

FROM REV. THOMAS G. VALPY, ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL,  
CONCORD, N. H.

I BEGIN the fulfilment of what is at once a pleasure and a duty; a labor of love, which the first news of Adelbert's sad death suggested: and I mourn him as an only son, one whose life was budding with rich promises of comfort to his parents and of usefulness to the world. As I read the account of his unfortunate death, my heart was touched with deep sorrow; and when I called him up before me, as I knew him in years gone by, there arose many regrets that he could not have been spared. He would have become a still greater comfort and blessing to us all, as a noble-souled and high-minded man,—a character of which his youth gave abundant hope.

You may question why one who knew Adelbert only for the brief space of a single school-year, and that full six years ago, should thus notice his death, and feel sufficient interest to write you. But he was one of a small band intrusted for that year to my care and instruction, and I felt for them a deep interest which separation and distance have not diminished; and I

shall not cease to follow them through life. Seldom, I believe, is it the good fortune of an instructor to have such boys and girls put under his charge. Often when I think of them and of our pleasant hours together, I find myself mentally exclaiming, in the words of the Grecian Nestor,—

“Never yet saw I such, nor may hereafter.”

Miss Guilford, whose heart was in the same good work, would, I am sure, join me in expressions of high regard for Adelbert.

I cannot think of our friend as a young man of twenty-two. He is the boy of fourteen, still childlike, vivacious, honest, truthful. His name is to me closely associated with that of his lamented schoolmate, Charles Perkins, whose life as a soldier, if as high-minded and truthful as it was as a boy, was no common sacrifice to his country. If the name of Perkins always suggests to me something pleasant, frank, straightforward, and whole-souled, equally so does that of Adelbert. They possessed many qualities in common, and yet those qualities were manifested differently. Perkins was in look and manner more demonstrative, the exterior speaking of the interior. Adelbert was less open, but to an observing mind as forcible and impressive. They were always much together, in going to and from school, and in their sports. They wished to study together; they sat side by side in the class, were closely joined in life and not long separated in death.

But to speak of Adelbert personally: he possessed those qualities of mind and character which made him lastingly attractive, and which generally win for a pupil a strong place in the confidence and good esteem of an instructor. He was truthful; never did he give me reason even to suspect him of an untruth. His frank manner, his candid and out-spoken speech, and indeed his whole bearing, carried with them the stamp of integrity. He always came in such a modest and sincere way to ask a favor, make a request, or acknowledge anything he had done amiss, that the privilege was readily given, or the offence overlooked. He had, it is true, a good share of fondness for harmless mischief and sport, — and without it he could hardly have been a boy,— but yet in matters of importance he was found on the side of right and good order. He was one whose position I always felt sure of; and as my memory reviews these intervening years, it fails to call up a single unpleasant circumstance. Nothing rises to mar in the least the survey, but all is filled with pleasant recollections. Persevering in his studies, and rising above the discouragements which assail the young scholar, he cheerfully set himself at work to do the best he could with any task which might be assigned him. If I desired him to come before school or to remain behind, or meet me at any special time, he readily complied, seeming to realize what the school-boy is so slow to believe, that the teacher is his true friend.

I do not, then, speak mere words to you when I say, that, if the life of the boy is to be taken as any index of the future, Adelbert gave me good ground to hope and believe that he would become a high-minded, useful, and honest man. His death was mournful, mysterious, and almost insupportable. Yet he is not lost. He is merely "gone before," and is drinking at the fountains of all knowledge.

## III.

FROM MR. DANIEL PARISH, JR., NEW YORK.

You ask me to give you my impressions as to the character of my dear old friend Stone, who on a beautiful day last summer sank so suddenly beneath the waters of the Connecticut. But I am too sad and too unskilled in the use of words to describe him. Never have I felt more fully the force of the old line,—“Death loves a shining mark.” He had a happy home, loving parents, and ardent friends, and a most brilliant future was before him. But God has seen fit to take him away, and has transferred him, we trust, to a better school. I would not recall him from those scenes; and to waken the memories of past years seems only to create a more realizing sense of my loss: for my regard for him was sincere, tender, and unabated. Time and distance have not lessened it, but only lend distinctness to the picture which I briefly sketch, and which ever comes before me.

Our lamented friend was of medium height, his eye quick and smiling, his limbs agile, and his frame robust. As you well remember, he was also a proficient in all manly sports, his elasticity,

quickness, and energy making him a leading performer in the gymnasium. But his fondness for exercise and social life never interfered with his studies. In disposition he was cheerful and even buoyant, and his merry spirits sprang from a healthy body and that goodness of heart for which he was so marked ; and yet he was never rough or boisterous. In his tastes and habits he was quiet and simple, and much averse to show and ostentation. In the midst of the most exuberant flow of pleasantry he never wounded the feelings of any one ; and it was rare that he could be induced to use it at all. His modesty also prevented him ; for, while perfectly aware that he possessed companionable qualities, he seemed to avoid making any parade of himself. But the crowning virtues of his character were his unbounded affection for his parents and his manly independence in doing what he believed to be right.

His patriotism, also, was eminent. He often regretted the fact that filial piety forbade his entering the army. Alas that he should have met with such a fate when his country needs all the true and noble within her borders ! He would have been one to aid in extending her institutions, in purifying those corrupting influences by which she is surrounded, and to accompany her on her pathway to still greater distinction. His moral character was singularly complete. I was a long time his room-mate, and I can truly say that he was thoroughly good, and sincerely loved and

reverenced his God. It is pleasant to think of him as being transported from the dark and fated stream of earth, where he met his death, to the green and joyous banks of the “River of Life.”

## IV.

FROM MR. JOHN M. CHAPIN, YALE COLLEGE.

I FEEL it to be a pleasant duty to respond to your invitation; and yet I offer my humble tribute with sadness, for the fate of our dear Stone was heart-rending. How plainly it shows that Death is ever busy, and selects his victims from the high and from the humble with impartial hand. Truly, no erudition, no cheerfulness of disposition, no vigor of health, are vouchers of a lengthened life below. We fall at the proper time and in the appointed place. Far from home and surrounded by strangers, our friend was called to yield up his precious life. No mother's hand softly stroked his aching brow. No comforting word came from the lips of those most dear. No one was by to utter the last adieu. I can see him now as he was when he left us, and as he had always been,—full of life, buoyant in spirits, pleasing in his deportment, and gentlemanly in his carriage. He left us, we thought, for a short time. Oh, how little did we know that upon his face we should cast our eyes no more! Our hearts were wrung with anguish when the telegraphic wires conveyed the terrible message that our genial friend and companion had sunk beneath the waters of the

dark Connecticut. It was hard for us to believe it. There was something awful in the continued stillness of his room. The tearful eyes of his comrades, however, forced upon us the depth of the truth which we would have fain disbelieved. The days were sad, and the grief upon our hearts and thoughts full of sorrow weighed us down to earth.

I knew him first as a schoolmate, being associated with him for a year. During the past year I saw him often, though not brought so closely in contact with him as in those earlier days. My recollections of him from the first are very pleasant. His was a kindly spirit, drawing near to him a large circle of friends, who were admirers of that independence of purpose and decision of character which he ever manifested. Although brimming over with an exuberance of spirits, he never betrayed an ungentlemanly deportment by wounding the feelings of others. The fineness and pleasantness of his humor can hardly be described. I shall never forget a special instance. One evening, when furnishing much amusement for his companions, he was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the teacher. With great suavity he innocently seconded the words of the principal, said he thought that the boys were making too much noise and disturbing him, and hoped they would be quiet. The display of such pleasantry was too amusing to bear; and teacher and pupils alike joined in a hearty laugh.

Fully alive to a sense of duty and the importance of close application to study, he would suffer no one to interrupt him. Perhaps he in this way wounded some by what they supposed his coldness of manner and his indifference. Another pleasing and beautiful trait was his unbounded love and affection for his parents. The confidence which his father placed in him when Del laid open his plans, was based on that strong underlying principle which ever actuated the son's conduct. Then, too, his patriotism was deep and fervent. He could not brook an insult offered to his Government. I remember well his enthusiasm in telling a few of us of a political meeting he attended while at home in vacation. It was about the time of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the demonstration which a rank Copperhead made near Del roused his manly feelings to the highest pitch. Though his opponent was much stronger and surrounded by friends, Stone was not in the least intimidated, but immediately entered into a sharp and cutting debate with him, which well-nigh ended seriously. "Now," cried Del, "if you had n't so many friends here, I would decide it at once, as I desire to see every one of your stripe squelched." He was permitted to behold the dawn of peace, the inauguration of order, and the enforcement of the laws. Our country can ill afford to lose such characters, which are needed to sustain and hand down her institutions, and to unfold and assert the Constitution. We

mourn our friend, whom God saw fit to remove by this bitter death, as one whose prospects for the future were bright, and whose influence, we can but feel, would have been wielded for the interests of Justice and Humanity. May we, who are spared, tread the path of duty so faithfully and unflinchingly, that, when called from earth, our loss may be as deeply felt and our removal as truly mourned by all around us.

## V.

FROM JOSEPH E. SHEFFIELD, ESQ., NEW HAVEN.

I AM very glad to learn, from your note of the ninth, that you contemplate publishing a brief memoir of our lamented young friend Stone, for strictly private circulation. I have no doubt but such a memorial will be very acceptable to his bereaved parents and sisters, as well as to a large circle of family connections and friends.

As a classmate of my son, and a frequent visitor at our house in a social and friendly way, we had every opportunity of observing and appreciating his sterling qualities. Only the Saturday evening before his sudden death, after he had spent an hour or two with us, it was remarked by one of us, after his departure, how rapidly and beautifully he was developing a mind and character which gave much promise of happiness and usefulness to both his parents and his country.

That a young man of such high hopes, while stepping upon the threshold of manhood, should be thus suddenly snatched from his parents and the world, is among the many inscrutable doings of an all-wise Providence, which calls upon us to be always ready to bow in humble submission to his divine will.

I hope, my dear sir, you will carry out your intention and publish the memorial, and I trust you will be permitted by his parents to send us a copy of it when completed. We shall preserve it in our family as a token of our love and regard for one who seemed almost as one of its members.

## VI.

FROM REV. CHESTER S. LYMAN, PROFESSOR IN THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, YALE COLLEGE.

IT affords me a melancholy pleasure to comply with your request for some notice of Mr. Stone while a member of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College.

It is rare that a death in college is felt more deeply by both teachers and students than was that of our lamented friend,—not only because death by drowning is always impressive from its startling suddenness, but also, and chiefly, because he was recognized by all as a young man of more than ordinary excellence and promise.

The sketch by one of his classmates justly exhibits him as a favorite among his fellows. Equally calculated was his whole career, while with us, to win for him the respect and confidence of his instructors.

An instructor, it is true, cannot be expected, ordinarily, to be as well acquainted with a pupil as his familiar associates, especially with respect to his social qualities and those finer characteristics of mind and heart which fully reveal themselves only in the intimacy of daily companionship. The private and interior life can only be analyzed by

some bosom friend. There are other points, however, in respect to which the position of a teacher is not unfavorable to his forming a correct estimate of a pupil. The scope and strength of his intellect, his attainments and promise as a scholar, and his leading traits of character, are points with which the teacher becomes acquainted, almost of necessity.

And yet, even on these I fear, that, in seeking brevity, I may write with neither the discrimination nor the fulness which might seem desirable, or which I myself could wish. The little I have to say, however, will be said with an earnest desire to do worthy honor to a respected pupil, and at the same time to commend this lofty example to young men exposed to the temptations of student-life. Let them study his manly and consistent character, his earnestness of purpose and conscientious diligence as a student, his frank and gentlemanly bearing, and his entire freedom, apparently, from those follies and faults of conduct which so often mark the period of youth; and let them make these virtues their own.

No one, I am sure, could look on his open face, or into his clear, honest eye, or on his photograph even, so faithfully reflecting as it does the lineaments of his fine countenance, and not feel that he was a pure-minded and ingenuous youth, who possessed more than ordinary strength and decision of character. His frank and open bearing distinctly impressed me at my first interview with

him, in the examination-room, when he came to enter college. I recall, also, a clear conviction, gained at the time, that he had good general capacity and aptitude as a scholar. And yet, while the examination was on the whole satisfactory, I cannot say that it afforded to my mind at the time any marked indications of superior ability, or any special promise of that great excellence in scholarship which he subsequently attained. A glance, indeed, at the recitation records of his freshman year confirms the impression given by memory, that, during the earlier portion of that year, though a fair scholar, he was not particularly distinguished among his classmates. This was true at least of the exercises that came under my charge ; and the same, I believe, was the case in other departments.

This, however, was clearly owing, as was afterwards manifest, not to want of diligence or capacity on his part, but mainly to his not having had sufficient time for preparation, particularly in the mathematics, with the consequent undue pressure upon him of the earlier studies of the freshman year. The studies of that year, in fact, presume a thoroughness of drill in the ante-collegiate mathematics which most preparatory schools, at least until recently, have either failed to understand or neglected to impart. Yet in this case it is but just to state that another year's study had been expected and planned.

It was not long, however, before young Stone,

by regularity and system, by close application, and conscientiously doing his best at every exercise, began to gain upon his classmates ; and at length, especially during his second year, he became in most branches, if not in all, the leading scholar. He was seldom absent from an exercise, and never but through imperative necessity. He rarely made a poor recitation; never, I am confident, a sham one ; and never, in my presence at least, a failure. He was, in short, one of those sure students whom a teacher never hesitates to call up on a difficult part of a lesson, for fear he will be obliged either to help him out or subject him to the mortification of failing. While fond of athletic sports and of social relaxation, he never suffered his love for them to interfere with the one great object which he kept steadily in view, a thorough education. On the contrary, he seemed chiefly to value them as subservient to that end, by promoting the physical and mental vigor so essential to success in study. As necessary results of his habitual diligence and thoroughness, his powers rapidly acquired discipline, his grasp of difficult subjects became more and more easy, and his improvement in scholarship proportionally rapid, uniform, and sure.

His mind was well balanced, and his success was about equal in the several branches of study which he pursued. It is difficult to say, therefore, whether his tastes were more for the mathematics, natural sciences, or literature. He showed excellent proficiency in them all. He was not a “genius,”

in the common acceptation of the term, and did not affect to be. He did not pretend to learn by intuition, or by inspiration, or to get his lessons without study. What he accomplished he accomplished, confessedly, by work, by the earnest use of the powers with which his Maker had endowed him. And these powers, it seems to me, were characterized by strength rather than quickness, though not at all deficient in the latter quality. He was sound rather than brilliant; and consequently his acquisitions and his whole mental furniture were substantial rather than showy. Yet, in thus characterizing them, I would by no means convey the idea that he was a mere plodder, or that he was at all heavy in his mental composition, or deficient in vivacity and force. Quite the reverse. He had mental activity in ample measure, though without special quickness of intellect. His powers were ready and vigorous, and were steadily and symmetrically developing into a well-rounded completeness and harmony of action.

These qualities of mind, coupled with sterling integrity and love of truth, high moral principle, and a genial, open nature, gave ample promise of his becoming in after-years one of that small but powerful class of men, who are judicious, self-poised, and influential, and, by their gentlemanly instincts, weight of character, and noble deeds, secure the confidence and affection of their fellow-men, and become at once the pillars and the ornaments of society. It was to such an honorable career of

influence and usefulness that he had, apparently, every reason to look forward; and it was such a career that was naturally anticipated for him by those who knew him best. How sadly and suddenly these anticipations were extinguished we know too well; and we can only accept the event, humbly and submissively, as among those mysterious providences which, though inscrutable to us now, we may understand, perhaps, hereafter, in the light of the full unveiling of the ways of God to man.

It would give me pleasure to dwell on some other traits which our friend possessed, were it not that they will be more appropriately drawn by those who knew them better than myself. In respect to his religious training and character, we naturally turn for information to his pastor and family friends. While with us, there was nothing in his deportment that was in any way inconsistent with the character of a Christian. On the contrary, he always appeared to be actuated by high moral, if not Christian, principle.

The loss of such a son, an only son, in the full bloom of youth, and in the freshness of his early promise, is a bereavement which only his fond parents, or parents who have been similarly afflicted, can fully realize. For myself, I greatly miss him as a pupil. I am reminded daily of his loss by his vacant seat in the recitation-room. I mourn his untimely death as that of one who had awakened in me a personal interest and won my

hearty esteem. I cannot close, therefore, without expressing my warm personal sympathy with his sorrowing parents in their bereavement, and offering these meager and imperfect reminiscences as a slight token of my regard for the memory of their departed son. And in thus speaking for myself, I express also, I believe, though imperfectly, the feelings of all my colleagues who were brought into personal relations with the deceased.

## VII.

FROM MR. GEORGE D. COIT, OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, YALE COLLEGE.

You invite me to send you some reminiscences of my late friend and classmate, Adelbert B. Stone. I respond with great pleasure, both for myself and his many college friends, as but a slight token of our warm love and esteem for the departed, and our appreciation of his rare excellence of character. And yet I scarcely know what to say or where to begin. With those who knew him, he needs no praise. Our private thoughts are his sufficient and highest eulogy.

Our acquaintance with him was comparatively short ; for at the time of his sudden death he had not completed his second collegiate year, and we had met at the commencement of our course as entire strangers. And yet he had to an unusual degree endeared himself to us all. Indeed, few friends, even of longer standing, could have been taken from any of us, whose removal would have caused a heavier grief or a keener sensation of individual loss.

I well remember his appearance at the first recitations of our class. His frank, manly face and pleasant, bright expression bore truthful witness

of his character, while his genial manners made him a most popular man among his classmates. And the better we became acquainted with him, the more we prized his friendship. He had no enemies. I know of no one who felt unkindly towards him; and this was the more remarkable, as he had keen wit and a quick perception of the ludicrous. Often, indeed, he made those around him feel the shafts of his humor; but his manner, and his character when known, prevented offence, while his mirthfulness made him a welcome guest at every social gathering. His was that spontaneous, natural wit that carries all before it, and obliges every one to acknowledge its power. In the frequent excursions of our class during the past summer, he was the life of the party, always pleasant, bright, and full of fun.

As a scholar he was acknowledged to stand at the head of his class, while, by courteous and gentlemanly deportment, and strict attention to his studies, he won the high esteem of both his instructors and his fellow-students. There was a system in the preparation of his recitations which admirably exhibited his character. Acting upon the principle that his studies were the main duty to be performed, he was enabled, by prompt and strict adherence to an arranged plan, to attain a high standing and still have at his disposal more leisure than many whose rank was much lower.

As a friend he was firm and steadfast, ready to

stand by one in trouble and rejoice with one in prosperity. Although much disliking controversy, his views on all matters of interest were firm and decided, and he was prepared and willing, if need be, to defend them, but always in a calm, gentlemanly manner. He took an earnest interest in the political affairs of our country, and in the course of the late war. It had been his ardent desire at the commencement of the war to enter the army, but he was prevented by the wishes of his friends; and he now watched its progress with the greatest eagerness. We all remember how regularly, after morning recitation, he was accustomed to go for his New York paper, and how often it was that our first news of important movements came through him; and no one rejoiced more heartily over the last crowning victories.

The recollections of our dear friend on his last excursion with us to Haddam, from which we returned with such heavy hearts and sad tidings, are all of the pleasantest nature; nothing occurred to leave the slightest shadow upon the character which he left behind him. Although he had been somewhat unwell the day before, and was not feeling entirely recovered when we started, yet he went with us as usual, made no complaint, and was always among the first to jump from the wagon, on ascending the hills, to relieve the horses, or for any walk to the mineral localities distant from the road.

On Monday evening he was very desirous of

enjoying a swim in the Connecticut River, which flows but a short distance from the village, and had formed a party for the purpose, but was prevented by a severe rain-storm. The evening we spent pleasantly in singing and talking, and the next morning started again on our search for minerals. The day was very warm, and when we returned at noon, heated and tired, the majority of the party set out in high spirits to enjoy a pleasant swim before dinner. Stone and myself were the first to reach the river. And here again one distinguishing trait of his character, his prudence and forethought, showed itself. Instead of hastening at once into the water, he advised us all to wait until we became thoroughly cooled; and he himself was one of the last to leave the shore.

It seems very strange, that, in such a party, of a dozen, one could have been taken away, forever, so quietly and noiselessly that the rest of us, a little distance away, knew nothing of the terrible event till all was over. And it was not till our party was assembled, a few moments later, that we knew who was gone. But when the dreadful truth flashed upon us, that Stone was *the* one of us who now lay alone, we knew not where, in the broad river before us, it seemed that we could not, *would not* believe it, that there must be some terrible mistake; and the thought seemed to come, involuntarily, to each of us, "Oh, if it might only have been *any* other than he!"

It was a sad, sad party that returned to New Haven that night, and many hearts there were burdened by the news they brought. Such tidings rapidly become known ; and a gloom seemed at once to settle over the whole college, for in every class and department he was generally known, and had warm friends. Probably no one could have been taken from the college who would be more generally and deeply missed and mourned.

Those of us who remained by the river until his body was found, will never forget the appearance that New Haven presented to us, that Friday morning, on our return. The sorrowful looks of our friends, as we met them on the street and elsewhere, accorded perfectly with our own feelings, and seemed to cast a pall of mourning over even the face of Nature. We had not heretofore fully realized our loss. Stone was always so full of life and activity, so bright and happy, that we could not, for a time, accustom our minds to think of him otherwise than as the cheerful friend whom it would be always our pleasure to meet ; we could not single him out as the shining mark which the dart of the Destroyer had already pierced ; we could not believe him dead and gone. But now the familiar scenes of the past two years, — scenes from which he was forever withdrawn, — the vacant recitation-seat which he was wont to occupy so regularly, the absence of his well-known face from the gatherings of friends, and the sadness and gloom which attended every

meeting,—all these only too constantly and too distinctly impressed our loss upon us; and the feeling which had before been somewhat of uncertainty and of a painful foreboding of evil, now became deep and settled grief.

Upon our small class the blow fell heavily, and during the week we were obliged to give up our studies. At recitations no one felt prepared, and our instructors had no wish to hear us. We could not place our minds upon our studies; there was one subject that engrossed our whole thoughts, and we could not put it away if we would.

And even now, as we think of our friend,—and how often he seems to stand before us with all the clearness and distinctness of life itself!—as we seem to hear so plainly the tones of his voice, to recognize each look and gesture, the determined confidence of his walk, the merry twinkle of the eye, the outbursts of humor that have so often drawn peals of laughter from us, as he seems again to be among us and one of us, we cannot, we *will not* think of him as cold and dead. We will remember him as a dear friend, with whom much of the happiest portion of our lives has been spent, and of whom our recollections are only pleasant; and we will hope, that, when we too are called away from earth, we may all meet him in that brighter and better world, where there shall be no more parting nor sorrow, and where the tear shall be wiped from every eye.



**EXTRACTS**  
**FROM**  
**LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.**  
**(TO THE PARENTS.)**



## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

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### I.

YOUR dear son was my first friend in a time when friends were most needed, and he was also the truest. Living side by side with him for two years, and spending many, very many happy hours in his company, I learned his worth, and learned also to love him as I thought only a brother could be loved. In sickness he was ever ready to do everything in his power to comfort and cheer. When discouraged and out of spirits, I always found it a great relief to talk with Del; for he would be sure to brighten what was dark before. Thus every day as it passed left me his debtor for some kind word or attention.

We were especially wont to spend nearly every Sunday evening together in his room, sitting in the dark, and talking of our homes and the dear ones there, till I came to think of his home circle, not as mere strangers, but as those who loved my friend. The position of every book on the table and of every picture on the wall became indelibly fixed upon my mind, so much were we together.

It makes me inexpressibly happy to remember, that, through all this time, no unkind word was spoken nor hard thought conceived in either breast. You can hardly realize how I miss him. How strange it is not to hear his merry laugh, the tinkling of his guitar, or his cheerful "Come in," in answer to my frequent knocks. All his little sayings and pleasant ways come back with terrible force. There is a void in my heart which nothing can fill. It has destroyed all interest in my studies, and I feel as if there were no use for work. No one to congratulate me on my success, no one to bid me hope in time of trouble! It is indeed hard to bear.

Nor am I, sir, the only one who suffers from his loss. He had many friends, and they are mourning for him as for a brother, and many faces bear the marks of grief. No one could have been taken from among us who would leave so many friends, and that in every department. No one was so universally liked. To see him once was to like him, and to know him well was to love him deeply and forever. And it was not strange, since he had for all a kind word or a pleasant nod. The professors felt for him an esteem which it is rare for them to bestow upon a pupil; and yet none envied him, knowing how well he deserved it. He was so systematic in all his duties and so conscientious in all his actions, that we could not help respecting him and wishing that we were the same. He often said to me, "They have perfect confi-

dence in me at home, and I shall do nothing unworthy of it ;" and I am glad to say that he adhered strictly to his principles. I never knew him to be guilty of a single action that he would hesitate to mention before the sacred face of his mother. He was a Christian gentleman and a noble, true-hearted man.

W. H. INGHAM.

*New Haven, July 5, 1865.*

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II.

DEL seemed to me more like a brother than a cousin, so much had I been with him in our mutual visits; and since the commencement of his college life, he had made our house his second home. But he was dear to me merely from the ties of blood, but from the intrinsic worth of those qualities which endeared him also to all who knew him. I refer to his perfect deportment as a gentleman, his upright moral character, and the respect and honor which he paid to higher and holier things. There are but few men who, in Adelbert's position, occupying the station that he did and petted and admired by so many, would not have given way at some point. But, thanks to God, his high standard of Christian and moral character has carried him safely through, and, as we hope, brought him to a heavenly home, where the temptations and trials of this life are over. His death has created a gap in the circle of friends

which nothing can fill. Yet sweet is the memory of his life, short as that life was on earth. It may seem to us that some one of less value to his friends and to the world might have been taken, and he spared; but we know that He who "doeth all things well" had some good purpose in this affliction.

H. P. STONE.

*Springfield, July 17, 1865.*

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III.

YOUR noble son, who has been taken from us so suddenly, was my most intimate friend. As I forward the enclosed Resolutions, I feel unwilling to let pass this opportunity of adding my individual testimony to his high standing in college as a scholar and as a man, and to the deep love we all bore him. All my recollections of him are agreeable. But it is especially pleasing to remember, that, the last night he spent on earth, after we had retired, he very severely reproved another companion in the same room, for making use of some improper language. On the last Fast Day, also, when some one at the table proposed a sailing party, he took strong ground against it, saying, that, if such days were appointed, they should be observed. Last Sabbath, in the morning service, Dr. Cleevland, whose church he attended and who has just returned from Europe, referred, in a most touching manner, to this sad event. Ap-

properite mention was also made of him in the College Chapel.

His loss is a heavy blow to our small class. For a week we did nothing. The class sometimes met, but no one was prepared, and the professors themselves did not feel like hearing a recitation, and dismissed us. A general gloom seemed to settle on the whole college; for he was probably more generally known and more popular through all classes and departments than any other man. And all deeply and truly mourn him.

G. D. COIT.

*Yale College, July 8, 1865.*

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IV.

We group below a few of the many other brief expressions of condolence sent from the east. They sprung unbidden from the hearts of friends and strangers. And how large must have been the unspoken and unwritten sorrow caused by this event, when the face of a whole community seems thus

“contracted in one brow of woe!”

A young friend, W. Bodenham, of New York city, writes:—“I have just seen in a city paper the sad announcement of the death of your beloved son. I have no words to express to you the deep regret I feel at this sorrowful intelligence. I can well imagine your feelings, and I do most deeply and sincerely condole with you. That one so young, so full of promise, so noble,

and endowed with such high mental qualities, should have been thus suddenly torn from loved ones and from the bright earth forever! To me how sad! I knew Adelbert well, and to know him was to love him."

"Three times," writes Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., "have Mrs. S. and myself been called upon to bow to the decree of an all-wise Providence in the loss of our children; and we can more fully realize the crushing affliction that has fallen upon you. Your son was a great favorite, not only with his classmates, but with the professors, with everybody, and especially at our house. Indeed, we could hardly be more afflicted if it had been our own son Charles."

Noah Porter, L.L. D., a professor in the Academic Department, and the former pastor of the family when at Springfield, also adds his testimony: "It is a great blessing to have had so noble and excellent a son, and to hear such accounts of him from all quarters, as so faithful and earnest and conscientious, the pride of the school and the delight of instructors and fellow-students. The loss is bitter indeed; and yet,—

"T is better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

The sweet memories that gather round his name excite one rather to bless the Giver of all this good, even when he takes away."

The Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, of New Haven, also writes, July 3d, "The tidings of Adelbert's sudden death came to us as a great shock. Our acquaintance with him had been less intimate than we desired ; but we had learned to esteem him very highly. In this we were like others, for your son was prized wherever he was known. Unobtrusive, but thoroughly manly, he had made many sincere friends in New Haven. His associates in the Scientific School were exceedingly attached to him. His instructors esteemed him highly, and speak of his excellence in scholarship.

"I recall now with much pleasure my last interview with him. It was just after my return from Cleveland, when we met on the pavement in Chapel Street, and I told him of our visit at your house. His face lighted up with pleasure at hearing so directly from home and the friends there ; and I saw that he was fond of home, as every good son will be. We parted after a few more words, expecting further opportunities of intercourse, now, alas ! denied. The final event was to me, in its peculiar circumstances, a very marked instance of the overruling providence of God. No human agency but Adelbert himself was concerned ; it was one of those trying events which seem to say, 'Be still, and know that I am God,' — an act of that divine sovereignty which we all acknowledge, but which no one can explain."

## V.

FROM THE EDITOR.

WE have now done all that is possible for the precious body of your dear son. It is in the hands of his friends, and in an hour or two will be on its way home. The simple possession of these remains will be a great treasure; and you know you have his features ever abiding with you, in lines that nothing can efface or dim. I cannot comfort you much. Words will not measure such sorrow. And yet I must say something, as Mr. Witte thinks it may not be in vain. I turn, then, this clear, calm summer morning, to speak of that immortal part which, thanks be to our God! can never perish. As I write, that beautiful, fatal river seems to glow in rosy light; but to me it has lost more than half its charms. And I thought just now, as I opened my blinds, "That river will cease to roll; but Adelbert will never cease to be." Character is our chief gain in this life, and it is all that we can take with us after death. And here Adelbert has left us a precious legacy. You will allow me to dwell upon it, for these are to me the glories of this sad theme. And I can speak with more confidence, because I knew Del thoroughly. It has always been my custom to study the mental and moral traits of my pupils. In fact, to gain this inner knowledge of youth, and so the more thoroughly educate them into a truly Christian scholarship, was my deepest motive in becoming a

teacher. Usually, too, at least before they leave us, I have had a plain and personal conversation with each one as to the higher interests of the soul. To us, then, your son seemed endowed with many precious qualities. It is true Adelbert was still a boy, and these qualities existed in him only as germs; but they were there. I have found that virtue, especially in youth, is to be measured by tendencies; and so these germs may be reckoned as already living traits, which would surely ripen into character.

And the first trait I would notice was his sincerity. His whole mind centred on truth. He spoke the truth and acted the truth, simply because he thought and felt truly. This grand, central virtue of integrity, this mental wholeness, so to speak, was the very foundation of his nature. He was not usually a great talker; but he well illustrated the common and strong saying,—“He said what he meant, and he meant what he said.” One knew that his sentiments were the genuine and honest language of his soul. This gave his character a wonderful transparency, and realized, in more than ordinary measure, the language of the poet,—

“ He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i’ th’ centre, and enjoy clear day.”

Another marked characteristic was his earnestness. A man may be honest, and yet weak in his purposes. But Adelbert, for a boy of eighteen, seemed to me very mature. And this ripeness was

one of will and judgment. His experience had been, of course, limited, yet his views of life were clear, at least in outline, and very fixed. He had already selected his profession when he entered my family, and the goal, though distant, was well defined and bright. To be a civil engineer in the broadest sense, and to prepare for it as the best teachers should guide him, was the commanding object which ever filled his eyes. After I had mapped out the best course to this end, he never flinched from any duty, or varied a hair's-breadth from his chosen path, but pursued it until his death.

Closely allied to this was his independence. Out of nearly one hundred pupils, resident with us from first to last, we can recall but three that in this respect equalled him. He thought, judged, and acted for himself, and dared to stand alone ; and that was not from oddity or obstinacy, but from quiet and firm conviction. As little did his individuality spring from an awkward or selfish isolation ; it shone out in the midst of warm social habits. His self-reliance was also entirely free from that offensive pertness and display so common with bright-minded boys, his modesty forbidding the thought that his own opinions were of great value to any one. This made his clinging to them the more remarkable ; but this tenacity of purpose sprang from his very nature, that honest, strong, and sturdy self-hood referred to above. And yet his individuality was combined with a docile and inquiring temper.

He was always a pupil, and, for years to come, seemed likely to be simply a seeker after knowledge. His independence appeared only in the assertion of those great principles which his keen moral sense had already discerned and approved.

Adelbert's politeness also deserves mention. While plain and simple in his dress and manners beyond most of his companions, he was ever courteous. This politeness was due largely to good breeding, but still more to principle; for it seemed manifested not so much to win favor, as to give a natural and unconscious expression to his benevolence. Hence I noticed that it never varied to suit those petty interests which a leading pupil always has at school, but was even and perennial in its flow. He was courteous chiefly and simply because he was just and humane. He hated, like his room-mate, all castes in social life, and believed in the right of all men to respect and kindness from their fellows. He was a radical republican in the school-room, the parlor, and the playground, and was kind to all. I do not recall a single instance where he was overbearing to a younger pupil or a servant. Truly, his gentleness made him great.

I need not say that your son was noble. An unselfish and considerate nature was God's gift to him. He was always just, as well as kind,—a combination rarely met with in such large and even proportions. Everything he had, he shared freely,

and yet was perfectly able and willing to defend his rights. *Meum* and *teum* were strictly defined in his conceptions, and his sense of property was strong and keen. I often pictured him in the possession of wealth, as one fitted and destined, we fondly thought, to sway any amount of moneyed influence with ease and justice.

But the trait that most impressed itself upon us was his obedience to law. There is no place like a school to reveal domestic strength or weakness. And Adelbert showed in all his deeds and words that he had been trained, as we say in New England, to mind. He entered the school, resolved to do his duty, and that with cheerful promptness. Out of all my pupils, he was one of the three who made me no trouble. He often said, when the pupils' plans were broken up by some necessary exercise,—"Well, fellows, that ends the matter; that's the rule." One occasion alone I now recall as a very slight exception; and he then said,— "Mr. Colton, I shall never give you ground of complaint again." And he never did.

It was this stern yet cheerful obedience to right rule that made our dear young friend a true patriot. He often said that he must go to the war, and that nothing but his mother's permission was wanting. The Western energy and fire glowed in him, though a thousand miles away; and I have no doubt he would have willingly laid down his life for his brethren and the government. I often seriously thought of shutting up the school-room

and entering the conflict; and while discussing the matter one day, Del exclaimed, "Take us along; I'll be one." After the retreat from Richmond, his spirit was roused and chafed and ready for the fight. When the "One Hundred Days" men were pouring in from the vast and fertile plains of his own State, he could scarcely restrain his impatience; and we all felt it was more than boyish enthusiasm, or a merely martial impulse. It was an intelligent love of country. Young as he was, he saw and felt the issue at stake; Republicanism, Liberty, Equal Rights, Humanity, these were the potent watchwords to his soul. He was a philanthropist. There was no formal definition of the position of parties in his arguments, but he would state, in his plain idiomatic way, the commanding principles which were arrayed in conflict, with a force and clearness far beyond his years.

Adelbert was filial. My dear Mrs. Stone, you need not my testimony that you had a good son. He was dear and true to you and his father at all times and in all places, and always seemed to speak and act and think for the precious ones of home. He often spoke to us of your wishes, and noble and tender was his reference. You were his chief joy on earth, and your approval the most commanding of all human motives. His last interview with us is vivid and precious for this very quality which marked the happy hour. Snatched from his teachers and companions and

the scientific aims which brought him to this neighborhood, it was nearly all spent in rapid and eager allusions to home, and in sketching his numerous plans to meet the parental wishes in the future. And this affection was more than the mere filial instinct. It was a genuine love, pure, native, strong, and becoming stronger and clearer with his own growth. We were especially struck with the mixture of boyish and manly feeling in his words and looks during this visit. There was a serious joy in all he said and did, as though life was upon him, and he had begun to realize a little his own individuality. But all his plans and pictures included his domestic friends. Yes, you may be sure that you had his holiest, his best and latest love. As he rapidly sketched his life at college and his plans for the future both at Yale and in Europe, he added, with a sweet and animated smile,—“And then I shall aid father and do something worth the while.” It is not often that so much dutifulness is combined with energy and a just ambition to excel in one’s own life-work, independently of parental success. Here would have been at least one exception to the almost universal American rule, that the wealth of the father lessens and comes to nought in the hands of the son. The family honors and fortunes he was preparing to amplify, as well as to adorn.

But I must not forget to speak of Adelbert’s scholarship. Soon after he had joined our little circle and I had measured his mind, so to speak,

I planned a curriculum of studies covering two full years. This embraced modern languages, courses of reading, history, and literature, and a thorough drill in composition, and in the Constitution of the United States, including the usages of Parliamentary debates. His eagerness to enter his chosen profession led him to cut off one year from this course, and did not give me the opportunity I longed for of introducing a polished yet strong and robust mind into the dignities and glories of Old Yale. But he was ever a fine scholar. He led in mathematics, and was good in everything. He was far from being brilliant, but he went to the heart of things, and was thorough and earnest.

It was delightful to see the energy and enthusiasm with which he wrought out his daily tasks, and the straightforward way in which he gained and stated his knowledge. His habits of study and proficiency while with us made it easy to believe the successive reports of his instructors at New Haven, that he was "doing very well," and the final testimony of his classmates, that he was their leading man. Adelbert was a growing scholar. We could almost see his mind grow. And his brief career illustrates to younger students the advantage and power of a single aim and of thorough and persistent energy. His good sense and scholarly tastes were seen also in the selection of books to read and to add to his private library, which he founded under my guidance. The list embraced sound books, worthy of

perusal, calculated to strengthen the mind, adorn the soul, and bless the heart. What a contrast to the weak and often pernicious literature which excite and starve most of our youth !

Finally, was Del a Christian ? How all other questions and qualities are lost in this ! And here, without knowing the heart of the youth, I have most cheering testimony. I would not dare indulge in that common and irresistible benevolence which often rashly and tenderly believes that all whom we love and lose are good and safe. But I think there is solid ground for my convictions in this case. His natural piety, if I so may call it, was very great. The best human virtues — integrity, benevolence, justice, truth, humanity, patriotism, filial devotion, and industry — we have seen were his by nature, and nourished in his daily purposes as principles. All these are a basis and a preparation for that divine grace which comes from Heaven by Jesus Christ, and, under the silent and pervading movements of the Spirit of God, they would surely have produced it, as the tree its fruit. Your son was one whom we should somehow expect and quietly prophesy would become a Christian. But, thanks be to God ! we are here not left to doubt, for he once said in a religious interview, "I do not consider myself fit to join the Church. I am not old enough to decide. But I sometimes think I am a Christian, and I am sure I want to be one." In devotions, public and household, he was solemn and reverential, though per-

fectly natural. There was no assumed seriousness. For the recitation of hymns on Sunday evenings, he was apt to select a spiritual one, and learned it with willingness. I remember a striking hymn which he rendered with great spirit and pathos,— “I was a wandering sheep.” Some of those thirty hymns, I trust, filled his soul with their celestial import during those eventful and concentrated moments which passed so swiftly in the watery flood. He was also understood to be in the habit of private devotion, and once told me that he had never omitted the daily repeating, at least silently, of the Lord’s Prayer. Would that he could have given his public and recorded seal to his belief.

Such, in brief, my friends, are only a few, very few, of my many pleasant thoughts and memories of your dearest Adelbert. We did not know till now how much there was in that young soul, in that wise, honest, and noble face, to love and respect. We will think of him as safe in the bosom of the great Father, as a germinant mind, saved and purified by God, and destined to blossom and bring forth fruit abundantly in a better clime. And may we so live as to join him among the innumerable good.

Remember me to the poor sisters, though they may perhaps have forgotten me. I trust they will be brave and good in this sad world, and be now more true than ever to you and their afflicted father.

P. S. Have you read Milton's "Lycidas" lately? During these last two days of bitter suspense those verses have been passing in solemn cadence through my mind. Indeed, the whole elegy seems almost as if written in express commemoration of this event. You will allow me to transcribe the closing lines as a true picture of what is, we trust, Adelbert's blessed state.

" Weep no more, woful Parents, weep no more,  
   For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
   Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
     So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
     And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
   And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
     Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
     So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
   Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,  
     Where, other groves and other streams along,  
   With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
     And hears the inexpressive nuptial song,  
   In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
   There entertain him all the saints above,  
     In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
   That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
     And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."

HENRY M. COLTON.

*Middletown, Conn., June 30, 1865.*

## **POETICAL TRIBUTES.**



## POETICAL TRIBUTES.

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### I.

#### TO THE BEREAVED ONES.

BREATHE not idle words of sorrow  
O'er the sad hearts breaking now ;  
May that Hand that brings the morrow  
Strengthen those that lowly bow.

Mothers who have lost your idol,  
Fathers who have lost your pride,  
See, in silence, how the tidal  
Floods of sorrow o'er them ride ;

And, in hushed and holy quiet,  
Pray that Heaven may help them bear  
Of the burden such a portion  
As will keep them from despair.

Where were holy ones created ?  
Angels once were mortals here.  
He is with his kindred mated,  
With celestial ones a peer.

All his lovely traits unfolded,  
In an atmosphere of bliss,  
Leave him there, divinely moulded,  
Till you meet him with a kiss.

“ God is love,” and on our loved ones,  
 In those regions clear and mild,  
 He bestows the “ many mansions,”  
 As a father on his child.

A. McR.

June 30, 1865.



## II.

THE stars beam forth and disappear ;  
 The flowerets wither, just in bloom ;  
 So briefly hast thou lingered here,  
 To sink into thy early tomb.

Thy smile, which could all hearts illumine,  
 Shall never more on earth be seen ;  
 The vacant seat, the silent room  
 Remain to echo, He has been.

Nor yet shall thoughts of gloom arise  
 To mingle with thy memory,  
 For thou, loved one, hast gained the skies,  
 Untouched by sin or misery.

The flower-gemmed sods, 'neath mantling snows,  
 More lightly on thy bosom rest  
 Than would life's load of cares and woes,  
 Or even earthly happiness.

Thy sin-washed soul has passed away,  
 As melts the star on morning's brow  
 Into the glorious light of day ;  
 And we will not recall thee now.

T. D. C.

*Cleveland, June 28, 1865.*

## III.

"DROWNED! DROWNED!"

Weep ! Weep ! Weep !  
 For the good and the brave is gone.  
 Weep ! Weep ! Weep !  
 For he was my only son.  
 And my eyes are blind with the tears I shed  
 Over the fate of the noble dead.

Break ! Break ! Break !  
 Thou bleeding, fluttering heart ;  
 Break ! Break ! Break !  
 But I cannot draw the dart,  
 And the sudden grief of an awful woe  
 Freezes the life-blood in its flow.

Pray ! Pray ! Pray !  
 Husband, pastor, and friend ;  
 Pray ! Pray ! Pray !  
 That my life may come to its end,  
 Or down from the realm of eternity  
 My beautiful boy may come back to me !

Fly ! Fly ! Fly !  
 O friends, to the eastern wave.  
 Fly ! Fly ! Fly !  
 Bring word from the watery grave.  
 The electric rush of the lightning's speed  
 Is far too slow for a mother's need.

On ! On ! On !  
 Swifter than wings of wind.  
 On ! On ! On !  
 Ye all are laggards behind.

He must not lie in that cold, black flood,  
Down in the watery solitude.

Work ! Work ! Work !  
Strangers and lovers and men ;  
Work ! Work ! Work !  
Oh, search the waters again  
For the form I bore and nourished and pressed.  
Oh, give him back to his mother's breast !

“ Found ! Found ! Found ! ”  
Over the fields and woods,  
“ Found ! Found ! Found ! ”  
Over the solitudes,  
That stretch in their silence from lake to river,  
Leaps the glad word of comfort forever.

Home ! Home ! Home !  
Is the form we love so well ;  
Home ! Home ! Home !  
Though lifeless and cold and still.  
Kind is the Power that has yielded his dust  
To parents and sisters, their holiest trust.

Sleep, child ! Sleep !  
In the earth and not in the sea.  
Sleep, child ! Sleep !  
And when we come to thee  
The skies will shed their dewy tears,  
And the stars will smile when the grave appears.

Live, spirit ! live !  
Onward still be thy flight,  
Live, spirit ! Live !  
On to the fountain of light.  
Purified, glorified, strong, and sublime,  
Shake from thy pinions the weakness of time.

O God! our Father God!  
Sire and Divinity!  
O God, our Saviour God!  
Christ of humanity!  
A ray of thy Sun our Adelbert was given:  
Just is the word that recalled him to heaven.

*Ocean-side, July 3, 1865.*



## **FUNERAL SERVICES.**



## FUNERAL SERVICES.

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THE FUNERAL SERVICES were held at the family residence in Cleveland, on the afternoon of Sunday the 2d of July. They were opened by the chanting of the hymn given immediately below, followed by the reading of select passages of Scripture, a brief address and a prayer by the pastor, and closing with the singing of a hymn. At the grave, the burial took place in silence, and was ended by the benediction. On the Sunday following, a sermon of consolation was preached in the First Presbyterian Church, from Hebrews xii. 9.

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### THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
“ Thy will be done !”

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
“ Thy will be done !”

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield thee what was thine.

“ Thy will be done ! ”

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“ Thy will be done ! ”

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### WORDS OF GOD.

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WHO knoweth not that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this ? Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. Behold he breaketh down, and it cannot be built again : he shutteth up, and there can be no opening.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep ; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death ? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave ? There is no man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit ; neither hath he power in the day of death : for there is no discharge in that war. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months is with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.

Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. I am the way, the truth, and the life. I am the resurrection, and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith ; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him ; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence : shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live ? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure ; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

## RESIGNATION.

O Love divine ! that stooped to share  
 Our sharpest pangs, our bitterest tear,  
 On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
 We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf  
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O Love divine, forever dear,  
 Content to suffer, while we know,  
 Living or dying, thou art near !



## BENEDICTION.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, our Father, and  
 the Communion of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, abide with you all,  
 evermore. Amen.



## SERMON OF CONSOLATION.

"Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and  
 we gave them reverence : shall we not much rather be in subjection unto  
 the Father of spirits, and live ?" — HEBREWS xii. 9.

## **APPENDICES.**



## APPENDICES.

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WE append a few items, chiefly statistical, as facts of permanent interest to the friends of the deceased. They will at least serve to complete the record of persons and events connected with this tragedy.

### A.

The following is a complete list of the geological party as it left New Haven, Monday morning, June 26, 1865. Mr. Higgins joined them at Middletown.

James D. Dana, LL. D., *Professor in Geology and Mineralogy.*  
George J. Brush, M. A., *Professor in Mineralogy and Metallurgy.*

#### OF THE SHEFFIELD SCHOOL.

Curtis Chapman,  
Frederick W. Clark,  
George D. Coit,  
Adrian J. Ebell,  
Alfred W. Higgins,  
Wilford Linsly,  
John J. Matthias,  
George B. Pumpelly  
John W. Randall,  
C. S. Rodman,  
Adelbert B. Stone,  
Wadsworth Wadsworth.

#### OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Simeon O. Allen,  
James W. Clark,  
Henry P. Collin,  
George S. Dickerman,  
Marshall R. Gaines,  
Charles H. Leonard,  
Manning F. Stires,  
Edward M. Wright.



## B.

In behalf of the family and friends we would record our great obligation to the various persons, over seventy-five in number, who were engaged either directly or indirectly in recovering the body. Where all entered with such earnest and persistent toil into this mournful work, comparisons are out of place. And yet, while each acted well his part, the parts varied in importance. If distinct reference be made at all to the several collaborators, the Rev. O. F. Parker, of Haddam, deserves especial mention. The success of our own plans and the efficient management of the entire enterprise were due almost wholly to his wisdom and energy. We take pleasure, also, in recording this gentleman's testimony to the fidelity of such of Mr. Stone's classmates as remained to aid in the search. He writes under date of July 18th : " These five classmates did all that the tenderest affection for their friend could prompt, and each deserves great praise. Their names are : —

John W. Randall,	George D. Coit,
James A. Macdonald,	Adrian J. Ebell,
Alfred W. Higgins.	

" Mr. Ebell deserves special mention. His activity never flagged, and he was utterly forgetful of personal comfort, and even of his own safety. Indeed, during the almost *fifty hours* that his lost comrade lay in the stream, he seemed ever in motion, working and watching constantly, and scarcely ate or slept."

The various friends which Mr. Stone had won at New Haven freely offered their services, and did all that lay in their power to aid us in regaining the body. The officers of the Sheffield School were constant in their proffers

of sympathy and aid. Frequent and anxious communication was kept up between the places during the search, while ample preparations were made for an honorable public funeral. But the condition of the body and the anxiety of distant and domestic friends compelled the immediate transit of the remains by way of Springfield. In all these kind movements, Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., and his family, bore a prominent part, and did all that love and friendship could devise. His son, Charles J. Sheffield (who was himself also once a member of Mr. Colton's school and familiar with the localities), and his son-in-law, Mr. Boardman, of Cleveland, came up to aid in the mournful work.

While at school in Middletown, Adelbert's unswerving devotion to study had prevented his forming many intimate friendships. But he was well remembered for his frank and noble manners, and the intelligence and high moral tone of his mind. He unconsciously obeyed the poets' precept, "Look thou character," and they recollect the look. His death took strong hold on the community. Their grief and sympathy were doubtless emphasized by the similar case of young Chapin, his schoolmate, and highly esteemed in town, who the year before had been recovered, against all hope, from the last stage of drowning. Several citizens offered assistance, and Wadsworth Russell, Esq., put both himself and a carriage at the disposal of Mr. Stone's relatives.

We would not forget the attention of Captain Bisby, who, at much personal inconvenience, kindly put his propeller *H. W. Hill* at their disposal.

Cyprian Brainerd, who lives on the opposite bank, rendered great aid by his suggestions and his personal and disinterested labors.

The services of Mr. David Brainerd, the host of the original party and of the various subsequent guests, were

as varied and constant as they were cheerful and efficient. We would not forget the ample courtesies so freely and gracefully dispensed by the ladies of his family. Our mind dwells with especial gratitude on those beautiful floral decorations which their pious hearts and skilful hands had devised to deck the recovered form. The removal of it by boat, contrary to the original design, prevented the fulfilment of their plans. The wreaths have doubtless long since withered, but the purpose and deed of love will be green and fragrant forever.

## C.

The following are the names of the persons employed by Rev. Mr. Parker in the search for Mr. Stone's remains. They are nearly all citizens of Haddam, and though adequately remunerated for their services, would have been glad to make their labors a spontaneous offering of love :—

Edgar Smith,	Albert Dickinson,
Caleb Smith,	Joel Ward,
Joseph Smith,	Mr. Jackson,
Charles Spencer,	Mr. Woodhead,
Israel Shailer,	Mr. Pilling,
Niles Cunningham,	S. Hazleton,
Edward Kelsey,	Nehemiah Dickinson,
Noadiah Kelsey,	Samuel Mitchell,
Captain Samuel Kelsey,	Wilson Brainerd,
Cyprian Brainerd,	George Arnold,
Nathaniel Cook,	Charles Russell,
Samuel Brainerd,	Robert Arnold,
Selden Dickinson,	Norman Spencer,
Samuel Arnold, Jun.,	Henry Welch,
Samuel Russell,	Henry Spencer,
Eldon Clark,	Robert Dickinson,
Mr. Paulsgrass,	William Spencer,
Clarence Dickinson,	Mrs. Harlow,

## D.

Some of Mr. Stone's relatives, who were at a distance from the scene, may perhaps silently indulge the feeling that something more might have been done to prevent the disaster. The Editor begs leave to state, on behalf of the eastern friends, that after the most diligent and separate inquiries, made of many persons present at the time, and the most careful survey of the scene and circumstances, he is convinced that no one was in fault. The advanced age of the students and the custom of colleges rendered any special presence or guidance on the part of the professors unnecessary and inappropriate. As to the catastrophe itself, the simple fact that the party on either shore presumed that Mr. Stone was on the opposite side, will account for their inactivity. Philosophy and religion unite in an easier solution. It was manifestly the finger of that God who seeth in secret, who hath dominion from the river to ends of the earth. Let us rather worship him that made the sea, and stretched his hand over it and gave it its decree; who also graciously rebuked the sea, and made it to give up its dead. He is fearful in praises, doing wonders in the sight of men.

## E.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE BERZELIUS SOCIETY.

AT the meeting of the Berzelius Society, held Friday evening, June 30, 1865, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, in the death of ADELBERT BARNES STONE an all-wise Providence has seen fit to deprive this Society of one of its strongest supporters and most brilliant ornaments, and to take from each of its members a respected and beloved friend; and,

*Whereas,* We consider it a just but melancholy pleasure thus to give formal expression to our appreciation of the worth of our lamented brother, and of our deep grief at his sudden removal, and thus to pay the last sad tributes of respect and love to one who was our intimate associate during college life, and fully merited the esteem and warm affection which each of us felt towards him ; therefore,

*Resolved,* That we, the members of the Berzelius Society of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, (although, through our intimate social relations, feeling this blow as very few outside of the family circle can feel it,) desire, nevertheless, to bow submissively to the will of God, and solemnly lay to heart the warning brought so near us.

*Resolved,* That we recognize in the character of our late friend and brother all those qualities of heart and head which most endear man to man ; and deeply deplored our loss, realize the sad fact that it is irreparable, that his place can never be filled, and that in each of our hearts there is an aching void.

*Resolved,* That we are thankful that we were permitted to meet this brother and enjoy his acquaintance for so long a time ; and that by his natural abilities, his high standing as a scholar, his frank and manly courtesy, his brilliant wit and merry humor, his equable and genial temper, and his large, warm heart, he had endeared himself to us in such a friendship as is seldom made but in an intimacy of many years.

*Resolved,* That we will ever cherish the many pleasant recollections of our dear companion, and as years roll on and we recall the friendships of our youth, his memory shall always remain green and fragrant in our hearts.

*Resolved,* That as sharers in the grief of his afflicted

relatives, we tender to them our deepest and heartiest sympathies, earnestly praying that in the sustaining grace of Him who “chasteneth those whom he loveth” they may find strength to bow with submission to His decrees, and comfort in the darkest hour of their sorrow.

*Resolved*, That as an outward expression of our heartfelt grief, we will wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days, and that our hall be draped for the same length of time; and

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be inscribed on the records of this Society, and that a copy of them, signed by every member, be sent to the family of the deceased.

WILFORD LINSLY,  
FREDERICK F. THOMAS,  
JOHN J. MATTHIAS,  
J. W. RANDALL,  
R. M. GROVE,  
P. H. GROVE,

J. A. MACDONALD.

GEORGE D. COIT,  
GEO. B. PUMPELLY,  
PETER COLLIER,  
CHARLES HOLT,  
CHARLES MALLORY,  
CHAS. J. SHEFFIELD,

## F.

We add the following brief extracts from Mr. Stone's compositions, not as showing any marked excellence in thought or expression, but as a pleasant and silent testimony to the character which the previous letters have given him. We see in them the good sense, the clear and fresh thought, and that cheerful and genuine recognition of a Divine Providence which ever distinguished him.

“What a variety of changes and what a source of enjoyment God has given us in the seasons! Who can but feel the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty in this arrangement. Imagine a whole year of Winter, or Spring, or Summer. Would life be to us then what life is to us now, with nothing to look forward to save one dull, monotonous stretch of time? But now every month has its

purpose. See, it is Spring. June finishes what May has begun. Now the birds venture out and the woods are filled with their song, the flowers come forth in their beauty and fragrance, and Nature seems to do her utmost to delight the mind and to please every sense. — Thus we see that God has ordained the different seasons as an example or pattern of the life which man should lead. Human life, like the circling year, is made up of storms and calms, of bright and gloomy days. If we carry out the Divine intentions, we may, like the aged year, at last go to sleep, after our work is over in this world, only to rise again in another, and to reap the fruits of earthly toil."

In a plea for "Out-door Sports," he says : — " When God created man he made a place for both work and play. In our own country we lack physical force. It is our one weak spot as a people. We should beware. Look at those nations who have never practised manly sports, but given themselves up to eating and drinking and pleasure, and you will find that they have become lazy, effeminate, and good for nothing. We are progressing rapidly and daily in wealth and power, and bid fair to become the greatest nation of the world. But we may fail from lack of manly play. Compare the well-read, reading, writing, thinking American, with a pencil behind his ear and a bill of exchange in his pocket, with the naked New Zealander, whose whole property consists of a club and a spear. What a contrast in mind and body. But the white has lost his aboriginal strength. Now give the white a part of the New Zealander's strength and the New Zealander a part of the white man's mind, and we should have two such perfect men as God intended. It is our duty to maintain in a healthy state the powers of body and mind which God has given us. In giving us mind he gave us a body to sustain it, and if we neglect it we neglect our duty towards him who gave us both."











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